It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hărts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſs, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee, foole

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
vvhich rather threatenſt then doſt promiſe ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd deſpaire,
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe, range
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
for feare *I* ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine ball's
ſeeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden meſh tyntrap the hărts of men t'intrap
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
how could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
me-thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his,
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heeres the ſcroule,
the continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chaunce as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis. kiſſe